

# *The Facets of Woman*

CHEN CHING-YU, MEZZO SOPRANO  
BEATRICE LIN, PIANO

ROBERT SCHUMANN  
SAMUEL BARBER  
HUGO WOLF  
RICHARD STRUSS  
GEORGES BIZET

*7:40 P.M. 25 NOV, 2022*

YONG SIEW TOH  
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
CONCERT HALL

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# Biographies

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## Chen Ching-Yu

Mezzo soprano Chen Ching-Yu is a third-year voice major student in Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music. Chen Ching-Yu's musical journey began at the age of 6 when she started to play the piano for enjoyment. She started to learn classical singing at the age of 15 in National Changhua Senior High School under the soprano Professor Chen Mei-Lin. During her academic studies in Taiwan, she was invited to perform in public concerts with violinist Mr. Can Guang-Zhi and the Taiwan Symphony Orchestra as a soloist. During her bachelor years in 2022, she was very honored to participate in Bach Cantata Series: St. John Passion which was organized by Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music in cooperation with Red Dot Baroque. In the same year, she also performed Purcell's Come Ye Sons of Art in the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music. On the following month, she sang as the mezzo soloist in In The Beginning by Aaron Copland with YSTCM chamber singers.

## Beatrice Lin

A graduate of the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, Singapore, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Haute école de Musique de Genève, her studies were generously supported by the National Arts Council and the Lee Foundation. She was also awarded the Adolphe Neuman Prize from the canton of Geneva upon graduation. Performances include live radio broadcasts on the Radio Suisse Romande Espace 2, and as keyboardist with L'Orchestre de Chambre de Genève and Ensemble Contrechamps, as well as répétiteur for the Concours de Genève.

# Programme

Robert Schumann

From Frauenliebe und leben

No. 1 'Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen'

No. 2 'Er Der Herrlichste Von Allen'

No. 3 'Ich Kann's Nicht Fassen'

No. 4 'Du Ring An Meinem Finger'

Samuel Barber

From Vanessa

'Must the winter come so soon?'

— REFLECTION ON LOVE —

Hugo Wolf

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Das verlassene Mägdelein

Richard Strauss

Schön sind, doch kalt

Georges Bizet

From Carmen

'L'amour est un oiseau rebelle'

'Près des remparts de Séville'

'Les tringles des sistres tintaient'

# Programme Notes

## Selections from *Frauenliebe und Leben* by Robert Schumann

1. 'Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen'
2. 'Er, Der Herrlichste Von Allen'
3. 'Ich Kann's Nicht Fassen'
4. 'Du Ring An Meinem Finger'

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) is widely regarded as one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. *Frauenliebe und leben* (Woman's Love and Life) is a song cycle by Robert Schumann, written in 1840, with text by the French-born German poet Adelbert von Chamisso. The text of the songs is written from a woman's perspective.

Written for the female voice with piano accompaniment. The songs present an evolving perspective on love and life. Today, we will perform the first four songs from this cycle. The first song reveals a young woman in the first flushes of love. As the songs progress, she gives her whole heart and revels in the feelings of mature love. The second song is the woman expressing how wonderful a person her love is. In the third song she found out that the two were actually in love, she was shocked and couldn't believe it, but also couldn't hide her joy. The fourth song talk about after the engagement, she looks at the engagement ring with joy and hope for the future.



# Texts and Translations



## 1. 'Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen'

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh ich ihn allein;

Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,

Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

## 1. 'Since I first saw him'

Since I first saw him,  
I have seemed to be blind;  
wherever I look  
I see only him.

As in a waking dream  
his image hovers before me  
emerge from the deepest darkness  
All the brighter.

Deprived of light and colorless;  
all around me,  
my sister's game;  
I no longer join in,

I would rather weep  
silently in my little room.  
Since I first saw him,  
I have seemed to be blind.





2. 'Er, Der Herrlichste Von Allen'

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
Also er an meinem Himmel,  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,  
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann;  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

2. 'He, the most splendid of all men'



He, the most splendid of all men,  
How gentle he is, how kind!  
Fine lips, bright eyes,  
Clear mind and firm spirit.

Just like the star,  
Shining and splendid, there in the blue, so does He  
appear in my sky,  
Shining and splendid, noble and distant.

Go, go your ways;  
All I wish is to observe your radiance,  
Merely to observe it humbly,  
Merely to blissful and sorrowful.

Do not hear my quite prayer,  
Devoted exclusively to your happiness;  
It is not right for you to know me,  
A lowly maiden, you lofty star of splendor!

Only the worthiest woman of all  
My justify your choice by bringing you gladness, And I  
will bless the lofty woman  
Thousands and thousands of times.

Then I will rejoice and weep,  
Then I will be blissful, blissful;  
Even if my heart should break,  
Break, my heart, what does it matter?



3. 'Ich Kann's Nicht Fassen'

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt er doch unter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
„Ich bin auf ewig dein,  
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

4. 'Du Ring An Meinem Finger'

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringlein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringlein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

3. 'I can't grasp it, can't believe it'

I can't grasp it, can't believe it;  
a dream has beguiled me.  
How could he have from among all women chosen  
poor me to elevate to his level and to make glad?  
It seemed to me he said:  
"I am yours forever." It seemed to me  
I was still dreaming;  
after all, it can't possibly be true.

Oh, let me die while still in my dream, cradled in  
his embrace;  
let me enjoy the most blissful death, drinking tears  
of infinite pleasure.

4. 'You ring on my finger'

You ring on my finger,  
my little gold ring,  
I press you piously to my lips,  
to my heart.

I had dreamed it to the end,  
the peacefully beautiful dream of my childhood; I found  
myself alone, forsaken  
in an infinite barren space.

You ring on my finger,  
then you began to teach me,  
you opened my eyes to the infinite,  
deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,  
belong to him completely,  
to sacrifice myself and find  
myself transfigured in his radiance.

You ring on my finger,  
my little gold ring,  
I press you piously to my lips,  
to my heart!

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# Programme Notes

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Must the winter come so soon?  
from Vanessa by Samuel Barber

Samuel Barber was an American composer of the 20th century. His opera compositional journey started at the age of 10 with the opera, *The Rose Tree*. By the time he composed *Vanessa*, his compositional style was at its peak; in fact, he won the Pulitzer Prize for Music twice for this opera. *Vanessa* is considered the first American grand opera.

*Must the winter come so soon* appears in Act 1, Scene 1 of *Vanessa*. In this aria, I sing the role of Erika. This brief aria is perhaps the most popular mezzo-soprano aria in all of English-language opera. It comes from Barber's *Vanessa*, in which Erika sings about the isolation of winter in the secluded cabin where she spends lives.



# Texts

Must the winter come so soon?  
Night after night I hear the hungry deer  
Wander weeping in the woods  
And from his house of brittle bark hoots the frozen owl  
Must the winter come so soon?  
Here in this forest neither dawn nor sunset  
Marks the passing of the days  
It is a long winter here  
Must the winter come so soon?

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# Programme Notes

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## *-REFLECTION ON LOVE-*

### Selections from *Spanisches Liederbuch*

#### “In dem Schatten meiner Locken” (“In the Shadows of my Tresses“)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903), a post-Wagnerian composer native of Austria-Hungary, is known mostly for his 245 published lieder.

“In dem Schatten meiner Locken” provides a peek into the life of a young woman whose lover sleeps in the shadow of her long curls. As he sleeps, she wonders whether she should wake him, eventually deciding against it. Meanwhile, she laments the constant disarray of her curls - it seems that as soon as she brushes her hair, it becomes disheveled again.

### Selections from Mörike Lieder

#### “Das verlassene Mägdlein” (“The forsaken servant-girl“)

A poem written by E. Mörike in 1829 and included in the novel *Maler Nolten*. It portrays, in the first person, the desolation of the forsaken servant girl.

### Selections from 6 Lieder aus *Lotosblätter*

#### “Schön sind, doch kalt” (“Beautiful, yet cold”)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) an outstanding German Romantic composer of the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Written for a woman to describe the gaze of her lover which is the most beautiful thing she ever seen in her life, nothing can compare with it.



# Texts and Translations

*In dem Schatten meiner Locken*

In the shadow of my tresses

*In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
Schlief mir mein Geleibter ein.  
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach, nein!*

In the shadow of my tresses  
My beloved has fallen asleep.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

*Sorglich strahlt ich meine krausen Locken  
täglich in der Frühe,  
Doch umsoust ist meine Mühe,  
weil die Winde sie zerzausen.*

Carefully I comb my ruffled locks  
early every day,  
yet for nothing is my trouble,  
for the wind makes them disheveled!

*Lockenschatten, Windessausen,  
Schläferten den Liebsten ein.  
Weck ich ihn nun auf?  
Ach, nein!*

The shadows of my tresses, the whispering  
of the wind, have lulled my beloved to sleep.  
Shall I awaken him now?  
Ah, no!

*Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,  
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,  
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme  
Diese meine braune Wange.*

I must listen to him complain  
That he pines for me so long,  
that life is given and taken away from him,  
by this, by brown cheek.

*Und er nennt mich eine Schlange,  
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.  
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach, nein!*

And he calls me a serpent,  
yet he fell asleep by me.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!



# Texts and Translations

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,  
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,  
Muss ich am Herde stehn,  
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flamme Schein,  
Es springen die Funken;  
Ich schaue so darein,  
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Dass ich die Nacht von dir  
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann  
Stürzt hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran  
O ging' er wieder!

The forsaken servant-girl

Early, when the cocks crow,  
Before the tiny stars recede,  
I must be at the hearth,  
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,  
The sparks fly;  
I gaze at them,  
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realise,  
Faithless boy,  
That in the night  
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear  
Then tumbles down;  
So the day dawns  
O would it were gone again!



# Texts and Translations



Schön sind, doch kalt

Schön sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne,  
Die Gaben karg, die sie verleihn;  
Für einen deiner Blicke gerne  
Hin geb' ich ihren goldnen Schein.

Getrennt, so daß wir ewig darben,  
Nur führen sie im Jahreslauf  
Den Herbst mit seinen Ährenfarben,  
Des Frühlings Blütenpracht herauf.

Doch deine Augen—o, der Segen  
Des ganzen Jahres quillt überreich  
Aus ihnen stets als milder Regen,  
Die Blüte und Frucht zugleich.



Beautiful, yet cold

Beautiful, yet cold, are the stars of heaven,  
The gifts which they bestow are scant;  
For one of your glances, gladly  
Would I give up their golden glow.

Parted, and so we are eternally longing,  
Now they bring forth, in the course of the year,  
The autumn, with its glorious raiments,  
The spring, with its blossoming splendor;

But your eyes, oh, the blessing  
Of the entire year Aows generously  
From them, as the gentle rain  
Brings forth the flowers and fruits alike.

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# Programme Notes

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Selections from Carmen

By Georges Bizet

Texts by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy,

‘L’amour est un oiseau rebelle’ (Love is a rebellious bird)

‘Près des remparts de Séville’ (Near the walls of Seville)

‘Les tringles des sistres tintaient’ (The rods of the sistrams jingled)

Bizet’s Carmen (1845), features one of the best title roles composed for the mezzo soprano. With a libretto written by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, this opera is a love story, packed with great melodies, high drama and passionate characters. In this opera, the lead character, Carmen, is constantly unafraid of adventure that comes her way. This pleasure-seeking and reckless woman is portrayed as a seductress, but yet also as a victim at the same time.

Carmen sings *L’amour est un oiseau rebelle* to explore her views on love. Carmen is arrested for fighting another girl in the cigarette factory, Don Jose is assigned to watch her. She sings *Près des remparts de Séville*, in it she states that she needs to go to her friend Lillias Pastia’s inn, and insinuates that she would like Don Jose to go with her. With her friends Frasquita and Mercedes, Carmen sings *Les tringles des sistres tintaient*, a wild gypsy song about dancing and seduction to the joyous tavern crowd.



# Texts and Translations

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle  
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser  
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle  
S'il lui convient de refuser  
Rien n'y fait, menaces ou prières  
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait :  
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère  
Il n'a rien dit mais il me plaît  
L'amour ! L'amour ! L'amour ! L'amour !

L'amour est enfant de Bohême  
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi !  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime !  
Mais, si je t'aime  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi !

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre  
Battit de l'aile et s'envola ...  
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre  
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là !  
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite  
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient...  
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite  
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient  
L'amour ! L'amour ! L'amour ! L'amour !

L'amour est enfant de Bohême  
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi !  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime !  
Mais, si je t'aime  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi !

Love is a rebellious bird

Love is a rebellious bird  
that no one can tame,  
and if you call for it, it'll be quite in vain  
for it's in its nature to say no.  
Nothing helps, neither a threat nor a prayer  
one talks well, the other rests silent  
and it's the other one that i prefere  
doesn't say a thing, but pleases me.  
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,  
it has never, never known what law is,  
if you do not love me, i love you  
if i love you, then beware!  
if you do not love me,  
if you do not love me, i love you!  
but if i love you,  
if i love you, then beware!

The bird you thought you had caught by surprise  
beats its wings and flies away...  
love lies afar, you can wait for it  
and when you don't expect it anymore, there it is!  
All around you twirls faster, faster  
it comes and goes, and then comes back.  
you think you've caught it, it eludes you,  
you think you've escaped it, it captures you.  
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,  
it has never, never known what law is,  
if you do not love me, i love you  
if i love you, then beware!  
if you do not love me,  
if you do not love me, i love you!  
but if i love you,  
if i love you, then beware!

# Texts and Translations



Pres des remparts de Seville

Pres des remparts de Seville,  
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia  
J'irai danser la Seguedille  
Et boire du Manzanilla.  
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.  
Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,  
Et les vrais plaisirs sont a deux;  
Donc, pour me tenir compagnie,  
J'emmenerais mon amoureux!  
Mon amoureux, il est au diable,  
Je l'ai mis a la porte hier!  
Mon pauvre coeur tres consolable,  
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air!  
J'ai les galants a la douzaine,  
Mais ils ne sont pas a mon gre.  
Voici la fin de la semaine;  
Qui veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!  
Qui veut mon ame? Elle est a prendre.  
Vous arrivez au bon moment!  
J'ai guere le temps d'attendre,  
Car avec mon nouvel amant,  
Pres des remparts de Seville,  
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia!

Near the walls of Seville

Near the walls of Seville,  
At my friend place, Lillas Pastia  
I will dance the Seguedille  
And drink Manzanilla.  
I will go to the home of my friend Lillas Pastia.  
Yes, all alone one can get bored,  
And real pleasures are for two;  
So, to keep me company,  
I'll take my lover!  
My love, he is the devil,  
I did away with him yesterday!  
My poor heart is very consolable  
My heart is free as a bird!  
I have a dozen suitors,  
But they are not to my liking.  
This is the end of the week  
Who will love me? I will love him!  
Who wants my soul? It is for you to take.  
You arrive at the right time!  
I have little time to wait,  
Because with my new lover,  
Near the walls of Seville,  
I will go to my friend, Lillas Pastia!



# Texts and Translations

Les tringles des sistres tintaient

The rods of the sistrums jingled

Les tringles des sistres tintaient  
avec un éclat métallique,  
et sur cette étrange musique  
les zingarellas se levaient.

The rods of the sistrums jingled  
with a metallic gloss  
and the gypsy girls got up  
on this strange music

Tambours de basque allaient leur train,  
et les guitares forcenées  
grinçaient sous des mains obstinées,<sup>7</sup>  
les mêmes chansons, les mêmes refrains,  
les mêmes chansons, les mêmes refrains.

Tambourines were giving their pace  
and frenzied guitars  
were banging away under obstinate hands  
the same songs, the same choruses  
the same songs, the same choruses

Tra la la la

Tra la la lah

Les anneaux de cuivre et d'argent  
reluisaient sur les peaux bistrées;  
d'orange ou de rouge zébrées  
les étoffes flottaient au vent.

The copper and silver rings  
were glittering on swarthy skins;  
orange or red striped  
the dresses were waving in the wind.

La danse au chant se mariait,  
d'abord indécise et timide,  
plus vive ensuite et plus rapide..  
cela montait, montait, montait, montait!

The dance was married to the song  
at first indecisive and timid  
livelier afterwards and faster  
it was picking up, picking up, picking up!

Tra la la la

Tra la la lah

Les Bohémiens, à tour de bras,  
de leurs instruments faisaient rage,  
et cet éblouissant tapage  
ensorcelait les zingaras.

The gypsies with all their might  
were raging upon their instruments  
and this dazzling fanfare  
bewitched the gypsy girls

Sous le rythme de la chanson,  
ardentes, folles, enfiévrées,  
elles se laissaient, enivrées,  
emporter par le tourbillon!

With the rhythm of the song  
fiery, crazy, feverish  
they let themselves, intoxicated  
to be carried away by the whirlwind!

Tra la la la

Tra la la lah